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No. 150.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 25, 1873.

A TEAR.

BY HAP HAZARD.

I've seen it glisten in thine eye,
I've kissed it from thy cheek,
When to express thy sorrows more,
I felt my words were weak.
I've seen it tremble on thy lash,
A pendent, dewy pearl,
And felt it move to warmer love,
For then my heart, sweet girl.

When stirs thy son's deep, stainless well
With pain at others' woe,
Beyond the bound that hedges round,
How warm its waters flow!
When then with kindred joy
Another's weal to see
As quickly start from out thy heart
Glad tears of sympathy.

As birds, their hearts with joy oppressed,
Will falter in their flight,
While sweet their note doth upward float,
Made sad by sheer delight—
The proper gladness of the heart
So quickly past,
Doth oft distill a trickling rill
Of brightness crystalline.

But mingled in the lot,
Is grief's corroding leaven;
A passing cloud will sometimes shroud
The sun of e'en thy heaven.
Ah! then to kiss away the tear
Were but most prized of all—
With love's fond art to snatch thy heart
From sorrow's blighting thrall!

Nay, I would not that e'er and aye
A smile should light thy charms;
With want of gloomy flame, repose
Within these eager arms
And on the altar of our love,
Fair maid whom I adore,
A tear-drop bright—a gem of light—
Thy sweet libation pour!

The False Widow:
OR,
FLORIEN REDESDALE'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S
DECEIT," "STRANGELY WED," "MADAME
DURAND'S PROTEGES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE LODGE.

THE Lessingham had determined to keep open house this summer, and so came down to Beachcliff and the Lodge with the first sunny May days.

The Lodge was a low, wide structure, with a peaked gable front, from which long wings extended on either side, for all the world like some motherly brown hen with pinions outspread to protect a numerous and troublesome brood.

For all that, Lessingham Lodge had no great number of inmates when it sheltered only the family proper. There were the judge and his wife, their son, Aubrey, and the judge's daughter, Geraldine. The latter was the offspring of an early marriage contracted when the now prosperous judge was merely a law student in a dingy downtown office, drudging at odd hours to keep the wolf of famine from his humble door. The first wife died, leaving a two days' old girl baby to the embarrassed protection of the young father.

This responsibility served to excuse the haste he displayed in making a second choice, though the affair would not have attracted attention outside the inevitable circle of grocer, butcher and haberdasher gossip, but for the fact that the pretty young blue-eyed girl he married belonged to one of the first families in the city, who might have stretched out her lily fair hand and chosen the flower of an eager throng among a dozen rich men's sons.

This second marriage and the dowry of his lady wife were of great aid, however, in enabling business men to appreciate the executive ability and legal acumen of the new-fledged attorney at law. From that time he had climbed steadily up the dizzy ladder of success, finding plenty of ready hands to give him a friendly shove—though justice compels the statement that his own fixed bulldog intrepidity would certainly have won the struggle unaided—but in that case his task would have been harder and longer—until now he rested upon the very highest pinnacle his ambition had pointed to.

Yet, with the revelations which come to short-sighted mortals, though resting for the time upon his laurels, he now beheld new heights rise before him and unexplored tempting fields stretching in his way.

Early as it was, one or two of Miss Lessingham's young lady friends had been persuaded to anticipate the coming season and accompany the family down to Beachcliff. There were hosts of arduous duties to require immediate attention. The Lodge, which had served as their country seat more in name than fact hitherto, needed a thorough renovation and new equipment. Mrs. Lessingham, one of those dainty, delicate, dependent women who are helpless as babies in things pertaining to practical matters, deferred every thing to her efficient housekeeper, and Geraldine undertook a general superintendence to insure good taste of arrangement and adorning. Such task required the support of competent advisers, so her bosom friends, Cornelia Day and Meggy Winfield, had been sharing the turmoil and vexation of dismantled rooms and following refitting.

It was all over at last, and a miniature jubilee given in honor of successful completion.

This was the occasion of Walter Lynne's particular engagement at the Lodge. He came rapidly up the sloping lawn dotted



The hot blood flamed in Florry's cheeks while she waited for Walter to speak.

brother from the lounging attitude he had assumed against one of the slender columns of the balcony. "He was making love to some village sylph down there upon the beach. Don't deny it, Lynne. I saw her tread the air, buoyed up by all sorts of 'blisses inflated,' I'll be bound."

Walter looked annoyed. Miss Lessingham let her fine eyes rest upon him with a questioning glance, which did not lessen his discomposure. If he had hitherto made love to Florry in a non-committal fashion, he had very nearly committed himself to the judge's daughter through an assumption of the tender passion, which, being a lady's man, it was not hard for him to manifest.

"Do your acquaintanceships grow old in a month?" she asked, with slight satire. "You have been at Beachcliff for that length of time, I believe."

"But he was down in the neighborhood on a shooting excursion last October," interposed Aubrey. "That's what chained my attention to-day, for I thought I identified his fair companion as the pretty rustic Madame Rumor credited with possessing her devotion then. A mere school-girl, Gerry, and wild as a partridge, for I never could succeed in getting within comfortable inspecting distance of her, though I confess to being a little curious during the two days I was at hand to watch proceedings. I say, suppose we ask her up here for that length of time? I'd like to bring my critical taste to bear upon the little *inamorata*."

"How you chaff one, Aubrey!" interrupted Lynne, with a laugh. "You will certainly ruin my cause with your fair friends here. Even Mrs. Lessingham is regarding me with doubtful gravity. My dear madam, will you be kind enough to exercise your authority over that rattle-brained youth? Who knows what grave灾害 he may prefer against me next?"

With a good-natured laugh Aubrey turned his attention to the task of making himself agreeable to his sister's friends, and forgot his own unmeaning railing.

The afternoon went on. They played croquet in the grounds at the further extreme of the lawn, but sauntered back as they saw the table laid under the shadows of the oak trees skirting the west side of the Lodge. It was Geraldine's idea, this informal little tea-party, so different from the elaborate entertainments for which the judge was noted. It was a mere whim on her part, and one which could not be indulged a little later, when the house would be filled with a gay, aristocratic throng, whose sense of propriety must be duly deferred to. An outdoor *pete*, with music on the grounds, would be very different from this imitation of primitive hospitality.

"How should I know?" she replied. "You gentlemen are so untrustworthy. I don't know that I should have observed your remissness, but we had laid out for croquet the first thing this afternoon."

"Ah, cruel! But it is something to be missed, even through such a cause."

"Don't pardon him, Gerry," called her

Geraldine, whose silent approach he had not observed.

"Was that all nonsensical you were talking about the village girl and Lynne's love-making, Aubrey?"

He stared at that straightforward, abrupt question, and answered, slowly:

"Nonsense?—I suppose so. It's true—at least they say he was open enough with his admiration of the girl. But as to meaning any thing, why—Lynne's not the girl to let a pretty face get the better of his worldly caution. I hope you're not caring, Gerry."

"But I am caring. No girl likes to discover that one of her most devoted followers is just as devoted in somebody else's train. I don't, at least."

"Is that all? I wouldn't like to know that you had let any serious thought come into your mind along with Lynne."

"Why not?" she demanded, half deviously.

"Because—why, because, he's not the sort of match for my father's daughter."

Geraldine broke into a laugh gay enough to disarm his momentary suspicion.

"Thank you for your concern, Aubrey, but your father's daughter is very self-sufficient to her own interests. You don't understand how jealous we women can be of even our meanest conquests. It wouldn't be pleasant going into raptures over the charms of some rustic Hebe."

Aubrey followed her with his eyes as she moved away to rejoin her companions, the troubled look lingering.

"It never struck me before that it was possible she might care for him," he mused. "Pshaw! Gerry is never so foolish as that."

He smiled at his own fear and dismissed it, with it was destined to come back to him with stronger force before the evening was quite over.

The young people had gathered about the daintily-laden board, making merry over the inconveniences of the experiment involved. The judge and his wife had dined *tete-a-tete* within, unwilling to expose themselves to the early dew and troublesome insects. The former had strolled out to puff his evening cigar, and paused near the hilarious party as a remembrance occurred to him.

"Any new arrivals to-day, Lynne?" he asked.

"Several. The hotel is filling already. Colonel Marquessone was making inquiry regarding you."

"Yes. He wants my influence in favor of the new corporation, and I engaged to see him to-morrow. Will you carry my excuses? I've got to return to New York for a day or two. Some will business that's pressing. By the way, does any one happen to know a young lady named Redesdale hereabouts?"

Aubrey turned an inquiring look upon Lynne.

"Your—friend of the beach, Walter? That is the name, if I remember."

"Florien Redesdale! I have met her."

"Ali! She's in luck, it seems. Her father died in Australia a short time ago, leaving a deposit of three hundred thousand in sand in our hands, which goes to her. There's a later fund and other disposition, I believe, and some straightening required immediately."

The judge was president of the bank to which Hubert Redesdale had forwarded his treasure, and it was to his keeping the will had been submitted.

"Three hundred thousand! Lynne, not expecting a third of that, had made up his mind to win Florry at all hazards and reform for her sake, so great was the influence the little rustic maid exerted over him. The magnitude of the prize which was ready to drop into his outstretched hand gave him a shock of triumphant gratification."

Geraldine, watching him narrowly, saw the conscious flush which illuminated his countenance, and in that moment understood by intuition what a powerful rival she had in the field she strove to win. If a rival when poor and obscure, what would she be with a fortune to back her enchantments?

And Aubrey, noting his sister's set expression, thought with an inward groan:

"She has set her heart on him, I do believe. Gerry's not the girl to let herself be outdone, and now, like as not, she'll throw herself at his head to prevent the other one from getting the start of her."

CHAPTER V.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

GRIM, stern and tall, Deborah Gray loomed up against the inner darkness, struck dumb for a moment by the unexpected spectacle.

Florry drew one gasping breath, and made a flying leap to the ground to find herself caught and held firmly by a man who stood there, and who was not Walter Lynne. The light flaming out betrayed him a few feet distant, chained to the spot it would seem by Miss Deb's horrified and accusing gaze.

Florry took it all in at a glance, and an irrepressible laugh gurgled in her throat at the consternation reflected in the surrounding faces.

"Florien!" ejaculated her aunt, in her most frigid tones.

"Lynne!" cried Florry's captor, in evident amazement.

Florry peeped up at him to recognize the fair, ruddy face, the mischievous brown orbs, and curling auburn locks of Aubrey Lessingham. If he had not succeeded in obtaining a close inspection of the little

rural beauty, she was quite familiar with the personnel of the judge's son.

Aubrey had wandered down to the shore after the little party at the Lodge broke up, and the members of the household dispersed to their various apartments. The disquiet aroused by the conviction that Geraldine had formed an undesirable attachment for Lynne, who it was whispered in the circle to which he had penetrated, was a fortune-seeker—a mere mercenary adventurer, tolerated on account of his good connections and pleasant address—was strong enough to effectually banish sleep, or the inclination for it.

He had walked the sands for an hour, listening to the break of the waves as they dashed against the distant rocks. Returning by the lonely road which stretched past Miss Gray's isolated cottage, he came upon the scene of the proposed elopement just in time to defeat the romance of the *dénouement*, and so materially alter the flow of succeeding circumstances, that Florry, who was so near taking her fortunes in her own hands at that moment and casting them to the winds, was left to become the heroine of a romance in the reality of life, stranger than usually comes to the young girls of our generation.

"Come straight into the house, every one of you," commanded Miss Deb, finding her indignant tongue. "You sir, don't you go to sneaking out of the way till you give a straight account of your business here. As to that ungrateful, disobedient girl, if she's bent upon her own destruction, she goes in the face of Christian warning and against the hand which'll never be held back from her deliverance."

Walter Lynne hesitated for one instant between complying with the spinster's curt command and taking himself incontinently out of the reach of her caustic tongue. A thought of all he should forfeit by the latter course decided him. He knew Florry's high spirit well enough to be sure that she would never forgive his desertion of her at such a time.

Miss Gray stalked back into the wide, low kitchen, followed silently by the trio from the yard. Florry, quaking in her shoes before the impeding wrath of her grim relative, would have gladly taken all the consequences upon her own shoulders rather than admit Aubrey Lessingham to the stormy conference sure to follow. She hoped his own finer instincts might take him away, but Aubrey, with his sister's interests at heart, was oblivious to the promptings which motives of delicacy might otherwise have suggested, and followed them in without further asking.

"Now," said Deborah, putting down her candle and facing the masculine delinquent, "how can you bear it on your conscience coming here to tempt a chit like that to the evil ways of the world? I don't doubt but you've been making fair promises to the girl, but men of your sort aren't apt to hide much honesty under fine words."

The hot blood flamed in Florry's cheeks while she waited for Walter to speak.

"My intentions were honest, madame," he retorted, a little sulky. Aubrey's presence was a check to the eloquent persuasions which for the first time almost in his life refused to slip glibly from his tongue.

"Honest in the service of your master—the devil," commented Miss Deb.

"Florian," Walter appealed to her. "I can not hope to persuade your aunt now that my course meant safety and freedom from tyranny to you. She gave me no chance but to seek you secretly. Will you throw off her oppression and come with me now the same as we planned but for this interference? Will you trust to me still, Florry darling?"

"I will trust you, Walter. But aunt Deb shall not cast such slurs upon you. I wouldn't steal away in the middle of the night now for all Beachcliff; but if you'll come to-morrow prepared to—If you'll bring Mr. Gilmore!"

Florry blushed rosy red as Walter eagerly took up her words.

"The rector? Gladly, Florry. And your aunt can not prevent your becoming my wife—will not I mean, when convinced of my sincerity?"

"Oh," interrupted Miss Deb, dryly. "Then I'm to suppose the news is out already. There's no doubt that you've heard of Florian's fortune, Mr. Walter Lynne."

"Not to be influenced by it," he asserted.

"Oh, no; but I daresay you surmise that she can't get possession of a cent of it till she comes of age, which will be five years from now. How shall you support your wife until then, may I ask?"

This was surmise purely on Miss Deb's part, since she was no better informed on the subject than were her listeners, but it carried an effect. It was a phase of affairs Lynne had not considered. Really loving Florry much as it was possible for him to love, he had been on the point of making a blind leap without looking to the immediate consequences.

He hesitated, and before he could arrange a satisfactory response, Florry herself interrupted.

"Oh, Walter, I never thought of that. Of course I would never consent to be a burden to you all that time. We will have to wait until the will is read, and know its conditions. I don't even know how much I shall have."

Aubrey turned to the discomfited young man with a merry twinkle shining in his brown eyes.

"Three hundred thousand, wasn't it, Lynne? My father is one of the trustees, I believe, Miss Redesdale. I beg pardon for my share in this night's business, but I'd no idea of the true state of affairs. I thought a burglar was trying to force an entrance at the back of Miss Gray's domicil, and gave her warning accordingly. I've intruded most unwarrantably, I'm afraid. Come over and receive Gerry's congratulations to-morrow, Walter. Let me bid you good-evening, ladies."

And with a bow Aubrey departed, more amused than affected by the *rencontre*, and satisfied that Lynne could never reinstate himself in the good graces of Geraldine should he do so after she once knew of this night's proceedings.

"Go to your room, Florian," commanded Miss Deborah, after he was gone. "Leave me to deal with this young man whose greed leads him to tempt you. Oh, child! If I've been strict, can't you know that it's through duty and for the good of you?"

Such an unwonted burst of reproachful tenderness struck Florry with a thrill of remorse as she recalled what a thorn in the spinster's side she had always proved herself. Nothing loth, she turned to mount the narrow stairs, hesitated at the door, and

then flashed back over the space which separated her from her lover.

"We've been too hasty, Walter. We're both young enough to wait, and I'm not at all afraid but you'll be true to me. Don't vex aunt Deb or be unreasonable—five years is not so very long, you know."

She spoke in a rapid undertone which was lost upon Miss Deb; but Walter, with an appearance of resignation, heard her with a feeling of relief.

He was not prepared to burden himself with a wife who would be dependent upon him for that lapse of time, and with the certainty of winning Florry at the end of it, he could—as she said—afford to wait.

He took Miss Gray's mingled reproach and advice in a submissive spirit, and went away, simply declaring that he held her betrothal sacred, but should urge nothing further until he could consult with the guardian. Hubert Redesdale's will would most probably appoint for his daughter.

He came again to the cottage on the following day, and though Miss Deb set herself as a stone wall of defense to guard her willful charge from the invasion of this lover, even her chilling presence was not sufficient to repress the enthusiastic hopefulness with which he bridged the time of probation widening out before them.

Miss Gray, scarcely expecting this much boldness, had kept Florry in all the morning, determined to defeat any clandestine meeting they might attempt.

The tall old clock in the stairway was ticking a drowsy accompaniment to the sharp rattle of the early peas which Florry was shelling for their twelve o'clock dinner, and which fell in a continuous shower under the manipulation of her nimble fingers.

Florry was inclined to be defiant rather than repentant. She sat in the open kitchen door, trilling out bits of bird-like song, determinately oblivious to the fact that Miss Deb had put on her dreariest aspect of martyrdom—in a cause unblest, unless through her own strict conformance to actuations of fate.

Truly, her understanding of Christian principle, and the debt of gratitude her teaching merited, embraced rather irreconcilable extremes. She had scarcely an compunction over the retention of those letters which would have been like roses in a desert in the freshness of their fervent outbreathings of affection in Florry's monotonous life. The girl's nature was strong and sincere, but she had hungered so for the love of which aunt Deb—stern to moroseness, and owing no tender weakness than included in her all-absorbing theme of duty—had seldom scattered a crumb. The assurance they contained might have satisfied that craving—might have spared her some of the pain which was to shadow the horizon of her future years.

As it was, she had not even an intimate girl friend. Think of that! Sixteen, full of the generous fire of impetuous youth, and not a confidant into whose sympathetic ear she might pour the vague stirrings of her heart—vague because not yet understood or tested. So much for aunt Deb's careful guardianship.

The last handful of peas rattled against the gleaming sides of the bright tin pan just as the gate at the front of the cottage clanged. Florry's heart beat in expectant throb. There was a sound of sharp knocking; down went the pan, and away flew Florry, quite unmindful of her aunt's sharp command that she should stay where she was.

After all, she opened the door to her ardent lover in a more composed and quiet manner than might have been expected of such an impulsive child.

Even aunt Deb, who appeared almost instantly upon the scene, could not find fault with the simple clasp in which their two hands met and parted, but then aunt Deb knew nothing of the delicious thrill that brief contact invoked.

In these introductory chapters our little heroine must appear somewhat in the light of a love-lorn and love-blind damsel; but if her inexperience was ever pardonable for having created a hero out of base stuff, it must have been upon that morning.

Never had Walter Lynne appeared to truer advantage than when he came with his "plain, unvarnished tale," and with an open manliness she had not credited him with possessing, sought grim aunt Deb's approval of his suit.

"Oh, no; but I daresay you surmise that she can't get possession of a cent of it till she comes of age, which will be five years from now. How shall you support your wife until then, may I ask?"

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patient, steadfast friend, Walter Lynne began to revolve the brilliant schemes by which he hoped to win success and gain his bride.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIDOW.

The new Mrs. Redesdale was in New York.

It was this fact which was taking Judge Lessingham unexpectedly back to the city just as his country house was settled in all the glitter and luxuriance of handsome upholstery, of velvet carpets and India matings, of lace curtains and silken couches, such as were eminently befitting the residence of a presiding judge, a bank president and an aspirant for future political honors.

Away back in the far distant period of early manhood—which was not suffered to grow rusty in the judge's memory, for with the pride and satisfaction of a self-made man, he was fond of recurring to his old obscurity—in that time had existed a very mild and ordinary sort of friendship between him and Hubert Redesdale.

It is doubtful, had the latter returned from the land of his voluntary exile no richer in worldly goods, or no further aloft in a worldly scale than he had been that score of years ago, if the worthy judge would have taken much pleasure in remembering their platonic regard. But Hubert Redesdale did not return. Instead, he lived there, after gathering together a very handsome competence. But first, as we know, he did that very sensible thing which most men in his middle-age often contemplate, but seldom perform—he put his wealth into available form, and made his will, leaving the deposit in the New York house to his daughter Florry.

This was the bulk of his fortune, but not the whole of it, and whatever more there was he had settled upon his wife. The agent who had charge of the foreign business had made a transfer of it for U. S. securities, which were held in her name.

Mrs. Redesdale, wedded and within the term of her "bridalhood" widowed, seemed marked as the sport of sorrowful adventure. The vessel in which she embarked was wrecked in the Southern seas; she was cast alone on a desert island, from which she was fortunately rescued after so short an interval that no apprehensions had been entertained regarding her safety. But the confidential agent of her deceased husband who accompanied her upon this voyage, had perished, as it was presumed, as also had the entire ship's crew. They two were the only passengers aboard, and of all, she alone survived to tell the tale.

These facts formed the chain of circumstances which Judge Lessingham had fixed in his mind as he was ushered into the presence of his early friend's widow.

She had taken rooms for a few days at the Astor House, advancing her utter friendlessness in the city as excuse for the publicity which her situation unavoidably entailed.

Judge Lessingham followed his card into the semi-gloom of her private parlor, and uttered expressions of condolence in an embarrassed, hurried way, which betrayed his fear of, and wish to avoid a distressing scene.

"A sensible woman—a very sensible woman," was his conclusion, after ten minutes of that first interview had passed.

For the bereaved wife, with no undue reference to her grief, entered at once upon the business which was the occasion of his summons.

"I believe I have all the documents substantiating my claims," said she. "The packet of papers never left my possession during all the perils I encountered. When we were forced to leave the ship and take to the boats, my agent gave his wallet, containing bills of exchange and his own private papers, into my charge. Poor fellow! he died of exposure on the tenth day, and I was left with two of the sailors in the open boat.

"I was helpless with weakness, and these two men who had me so completely in their power, were turned to fiends incarnate by their awful sufferings. It sickens me to recall it, but I heard them laying their plans to sacrifice me if no help came that night. Before an hour had passed, one—the strongest of the two—was taken with a sudden crazy fit, and grappled with the other who would have been his accomplice in my murder, they both fell overboard and sank like lead in that awfully calm sea. That was the last I remembered until I awoke to life again on that lonely desert shore, and it seems almost miraculous that I should have escaped, while all those strong men perished."

She told her tale in a quietly intense way which was not without dramatic effect. Her hearer, himself practical to an extreme, was lost in admiration of the clear, steady brain of this woman which not only carried her safely through, but left her mistress of all the details in the line of action it was her purpose to pursue. He had come with the expectation of giving advice and explaining the complications which would probably arise. Instead, he was simply acquainted with her plans, all of which he heartily approved.

Florry must go to some good boarding-school, where her no doubt rather rude and uncouth manners might be remedied to suit her future established position. Could the judge recommend any such?

He could and did—mentioning the school where his own daughter had been educated. And Mrs. Redesdale, finding him willing, left all the preliminaries of preparing the young lady, and entering her at the establishment, to the accommodating judge.

"It seems like putting what is properly my work, upon your shoulders," said he, with a faint smile, "since I am her personal guardian, you simply the guardian of her fortune. But it is my wish to remain in complete retirement until my health, broken somewhat, shall be quite restored—where I may indulge my grief without obtruding it. I do not feel able just yet to bear a meeting with my husband's daughter. He was like a stranger to her, though an affection for her grew up which was remarkable, considering the circumstances of their separation. It is not to be expected that the girl can be much affected by the event of his death, which was such an irreparable loss to her."

Once or twice during the latter part of the interview the widow's black-bordered handkerchief was brought into requisition, and her voice would falter as she made allusion to her husband; but throughout she conducted herself very sensibly—in the judge's opinion.

Florry, emboldening her hero, determined that the polishing and veneering which his world required, should not be lacking when the time should come for her to go out into it by his side.

And so their betrothal was solemnized, and already robed of a tittle of his enthusiasm by his failure to secure aunt Deb as his

girl before she should enter upon her school duties; then gracefully dismissed her visitor while the glow of his approval was fresh upon him.

But subsequently she diverged this far from the course she had outlined—she did not see Florry, though it must be confessed, to the regret of the latter.

(To be continued—continued in No. 149.)

OLD SOLITARY.

The Hermit Trapper:

OR,

THE DRAGON OF SILVER LAKE.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY,"
"IRONIDES, THE SCOUT," "DEATH-NOTCH,"
"THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE BAR.

As soon as Captain Roland Disbrowe had left the hunters' camp, Old Solitary ordered the fire to be put out and a change of location.

"Thar's slathers of red-skins about, boys, and we've got to be keeful," he said, "or some of us will lose our ha'r afore mornin'. They've got their eyes on this spot, and will keep 'em here just as long as we stay."

"Where would you advise us to seek new quarters?" asked Harry Thomas.

"We'll do it, Solitary," said Ishmael Graves, "for I don't care 'bout losin' my skin."

"Wal, move yourselves brisk. You will find me with the canoe whar the prairie jines the woods."

So saying, the party proceeded to strike their tents, pack them on the horses and move them to another point.

Something like an hour was consumed in making this change, and when the hunters reached the spot designated by the old trapper, they found him there with a large canoe.

"Now, lads," he said, "you fellers can take this craft and steer for the bar."

SATURDAY JOURNAL

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In skirting along the base of this peninsula, the old trapper was brought to a sudden halt by the fall of a pebble in the water from the cliff above.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "it must be Lone Heart. He was to drop a pebble in the water if he wanted me *above*, and there was danger *below*. Ah, there goes the pebble again."

The old trapper was satisfied that his friend, Lone Heart, was on the rock above, for, on parting a short time previous, Old Solitary had promised to meet him there upon the edge of the peninsula, or under its jutting cliffs, within the next hour.

Lone Heart had informed him that danger lurked about the peninsula, and that he would determine their point of meeting by the magnitude of their peril. If he was wanted on the peninsula, a pebble was to be dropped in the water as he passed along, but if wanted below, a low whistle was to be given.

To assure himself that he had heard the fall of a pebble, he waited until he heard the sound repeated the third time. There was no doubt now of his friend being above on the cliff, and, as a double assurance of this, the light dip of a paddle drew his attention to a canoe approaching him from the south along the edge of the peninsula. It hung so close in under the dense shadows of the ledge that it was just discernible, and he could faintly see the outlines of three or four shadowy forms seated within it. These he knew were savages, and their presence there was probably known to Lone Heart, who had, in consequence, signaled for the trapper to meet him above.

Quickly realizing the danger that menaced him, Old Solitary attached the painter of his canoe to a strong vine, then rising to his feet, he began looking for some way to ascend the face of the rock.

The dense, black canopy of a branching elm overhanging the edge of the cliff, shut out all upward view. He could see nothing of his friend above, nor the chances offered for ascent by the vines that curtailed the face of the rock. But while he was thus debarred from the assistance of his friend, and a knowledge of the face of the rock by the blinding darkness, he felt in no manner deterred in his speedy escape from the approaching Indians. But, reaching up, he grasped hold of the vines, and was about to risk his ascent therewith, when he felt something drop on his shoulder. He knew at once it was a rope of bark lowered by Lone Heart to assist him in his ascent, and releasing his hold upon the vines, he grasped the rope, and, hand over hand, began climbing upward with a cat-like celerity that was remarkable for one of his years and weight.

He had made more than two-thirds of the height of the rock, when the sudden crack of a rifle, almost under him, pealed out upon the silent hour. It was the same report that aroused Harry Thomas from his drowsiness and dreams over on the island. Old Solitary stopped in his ascent. He would have sworn it was the crack of Lone Heart's heavy rifle, and he knew he was seldom at fault in such things. But there was a bit of mystery about it. Either the rifle had fallen into the hands of the Indians under the ledge in the canoe, or else Lone Heart was not on the rock above!

For the first time the old trapper was in a dilemma. Hanging as it were between heaven and earth, and knowing not which way to go—whether *up* or *down*—to keep out of the clutches of an enemy, was the situation in which he found himself.

He gazed up and then down, but the shadows concealed every thing from view, and he was compelled to let his hearing decide his course. He listened intently. He could hear the soft crunch of a footstep on the cliff above, and below he could hear the quick dip of a paddle. Neither of these sounds, however, were sufficient to decide his course. He was satisfied that there were Indians below, and since he had heard that rifle report, the conviction flashed over him that there were Indians above. But he would have to go one way or the other, and that soon. His grip upon the slender rope was slowly relaxing.

Of the two dangers, he concluded to choose what he believed would be the lesser, and so continued his ascent. His head soon appeared above the rock; his shoulders followed. But now he hesitated. An agony of suspense seized upon him. He strained his eyes through the gloom. He saw a number of shadows dart out from the darkness. He heard the rush of panther-like feet. He felt a dozen hands grasp him; he felt a noose encircle his form, and the next instant he was lying upon the peninsula a helpless prisoner.

CHAPTER XIV.

GANON IN THE AIR.

The forest became hideous with the demoniac yell of savage triumph when it was announced that Old Solitary, the Hermit Trapper, was a prisoner. The announcement was first made by his captors, and as their cries ran through the woods and over the lake, they were taken up and re-echoed by savages under the ledge, savages in the forest, savages on the lake, savages everywhere.

In a few minutes the peninsula was literally swarming with Indians. More than a hundred fierce, vindictive warriors were crowding and jostling around the helpless trapper, eager to inflict a blow or taunt upon him. The presence of so many Sioux was evidence itself that another large party had followed Waucosta there that same day.

The old trapper was dragged to the little moonlit glade where Waucosta and Roland Disbrowe had met a few hours previous. Here the moonbeams enabled the savages to look upon their captive foe. But this light was insufficient to show the expression of the trapper's face, for thereon did they expect to read the shame of his defeat and the magnitude of his fears. So several small fires were lighted on the outer circle of the glade, and as they grew larger and the flames leaped out, sending their red beams of light into the darkness around, it revealed to the old trapper's eyes a sea of dusky, half-naked forms seething and writhing about him, their faces fierce with indignation and malignant scowls. But he met their sinister glances with a firm, unwavering gaze.

This bold defiance increased the revengeful fury of the savages, and they endeavored by many cruel blows and kicks, to force from him some word of fear; but they failed repeatedly, and finally subsided into silent rage.

This, now, was the old trapper's moment to follow up the advantage he had gained

over the foe, and in a cool, defiant tone he said:

"You blasted red imps, why don't you go on with your infernal bellerin'? You needn't stop on my account. I've heard sneakin' coyotes snarl and snap afore."

The old trapper was bound to a stake that had been driven in the ground near the center of the glade. His hands were fastened at his side by cords passing around his arms and body. His feet were tied so that he was enabled to make a short step, and given rope enough to enable him to move three or four yards in any direction from the stake. He stood erect when he spoke, his head bare, and the bosom of his hunting-shirt laying open, showing the strong, massive chest that was rising and falling under the emotions that were surging like an internal fire within. As he concluded his defiant remarks, a savage pushed his way through the throng and confronted him.

It was Waucosta. He assumed an attitude intended to inspire the old trapper with awe of his august presence. But the captive still maintained his composure, and, much to the surprise and indignation of the chief, he said:

"Wal, now, ole blatherskite, what have you to cackle?"

"The Hermit trapper's words are bold, but his heart is wild with fear."

"The dence you say! That's curious, now, ain't it?"

"Let the Hermit Trapper beware. He is talking to Waucosta, the Sioux chief."

"Indeed! Then you're the dog of that old rascallion Black Buffalo, eh? Wal, you're a fine-lookin' cur, Waucosty."

"The Hermit Trapper is an old fool."

"Sneakin' dogs bark when their masters has tread the bear."

"The pale-face compares himself to a bear, but it took himself and several friends to defeat Great Wolf?"

"That's an impudent lie, Waucosty; I licked that hound pup, Great Wolf, myself, and let the daylight outen his friend. But, I can rub a dozen of your stunkins into a grease-spot in a jiffy, any fool."

"Ho ho ho!" roared the old trapper, "tickle my scalp, Inglin, if you ain't got an ugly countenance. Your eyes are a little binged. You must—"

"The Hermit Trapper can sing his death-song," said Great Wolf, "and not idle words."

"Oh, yes I remember you now. You're the chief I licked over at the cabin. But, Inglin, you know it war a fair fight, now, won't it, say?"

"Did the Hermit Trapper fight Great Wolf alone?" asked Waucosta.

"You bet I did, Waucosty. I wouldn't want help to wallop such an ole, luberdous cur as Great Wolf."

"Is this true, Great Wolf? Did you not say that the Hermit Trapper and his friends beat you?"

"I did. The Trapper Hermit lies."

There was a sudden heaving of the trapper's great chest, a flash of the eyes and a convulsive movement of the whole body. The bonds that bound his arms were snapped asunder by the one mighty effort, and with one well-directed blow he felled Great Wolf to the earth.

"How's that for a rejoinder, my fine bird?" the old trapper exclaimed.

Great Wolf, indignant with rage, sprung to his feet and shot toward the trapper, only to go down beneath another blow.

By this time the other savages, fearing the old trapper might escape, began closing in upon him. But the demon had been aroused in the old trapper's heart, and he plied his sledge-hammer fists in the faces of the savages with such telling effect, that, for awhile, he held them at bay. But he was finally overpowered, borne to the earth and robust.

A short consultation was now held to make some disposition of the old trapper.

Waucosta favored his immediate execution.

Others were in favor of taking him to Black Buffalo, but the odds were against the latter proposition, Great Wolf included in the number, and so the immediate execution of the captive was decided on.

This settled, the mode of execution was next discussed; but in this there arose a difference of opinions from which neither party would yield, and after a warm disquisition, it was decided to allow Great Wolf to fix the manner of the old trapper's torture. They had an object in this: smarting, as the giant savage was, with the pale-face's blows, they knew he would have no mercy in his selection from the catalogue of Indian tortures.

"Senor American," he said, "if you would like to live, turn and ride the other way, for if you are in this part of the country to-morrow morning I will hang you to the nearest tree."

I thought I would try a little ruse, and looking beyond his party I pretended to see my traveling companions, and said to him:

"Si, senor, as soon as my friends get me I will go." He turned to see the men he supposed were coming, and at the same time I drew my revolver and plunging the sharp spurs into the sides of my horse, made a grand charge. The first jump my horse made he struck the leader of the bandit fair and square between the shoulders, knocking him prostrate and senseless upon his face, the concussion completely driving the breath from his body. At the same time I leaned over and gave the peon on my right such a blow upon the head with my revolver as to place him in the same position with his master.

I wheeled my horse and fired at the one on my left, but missed my mark; however, it had the effect to frighten him, and he took to his heels and ran for dear life. In the mean time my companion had not been idle, and when I had made my charge, he wheeled and fired at the foremost bandit, slightly wounding him in the shoulder. He dropped his gun and made for the brush, and his companions followed in his wake. We sent half a dozen shots after them by way of a parting gift, when I dismounted, and rolled the leader over; the blood slowly oozed from his mouth and nostrils, and life seemed extinct. I ran to a little stream near by, and returning with my hat full of water I dashed it in his face. He opened his eyes and gasped for breath, so removing his weapons I mounted my horse and we rode on toward the hacienda, well satisfied to get out of the scrape so easily.

We met my friends, accompanied by the old man and his son, mounted and armed, who having heard the unusual firing, were coming out to discover the cause. I told them we had been shooting at a mark, but neglected to say that it had been a living one.

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98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—A St. Louis reader writes as follows: "The call for the republication of 'Wolf Demon' seems to be general. I ask for it, not for myself, for I have read it; but because thousands of others wish for it, and I want to see others enjoy themselves as I enjoyed myself in reading it." To which we say *thank you*, and add, that after a while we shall feel the pressure so strongly that we will have to give the great wood-romance place again.

—Our **BEST TIME** says: "When I was young I was very careful of my MSS. I would write an article over ten times and put it by for one year; then I would take it up again and rewrite it seven times, and lay it away for six months; then I would write it over again and send it to the editor, fearing then that he would not accept it—and he never did." That is stretching it slightly, we dare say, for he must have been a most impossible cynic who could refuse such advances. The lesson is good, however. It shows how even the brightest wits have got to grow into greatness. This "leaping into greatness" is a myth.

—A friend, who evidently reads all the papers, says: "Oll Coomes has truly made a great hit, even among the Bohemians, for his 'Death Notch' is now published by the Pokrok Tapadee, in Omaha." Pray what is that? Sioux, Norse, Blatter Dutch, or Omaha best society talk?

—Apropos of the new volume by Adams, Victor & Co., New York, viz.: "Livingstone and his African Explorations," we may state that the great explorer came of very humble origin. He was born at Blaneyre Works, near the town of Glasgow, and within nine miles of the city of Glasgow, county of Lanark, Scotland, in 1815. When a boy he worked as "pioneer" in a cotton factory. The pioneer's duties are to follow the spinning jenny and piece or mend any threads that may be broken. Ere he had attained his nineteenth year he became a spinner, but being of an inquiring turn of mind, he managed to attend a series of lectures at the University of Glasgow, and there was seized with a desire to emigrate to China as a missionary. Disturbances then breaking out in that country caused him to forego his intentions, but in 1840 he proceeded to Cape Town, South Africa, where he resided in his missionary capacity for several years. Since 1849 his career has been one succession of useful journeys and explorations in the cause of science. His last six years' adventures, explorations and discoveries are told in the book above named. All book-dealers have it.

—**About Ourselves.**—So many neat compliments are showered upon the SATURDAY JOURNAL by correspondents that it is wholly impossible to quote their good opinions. To us they are interesting, in a material sense, for they indicate the drift of popular taste. When, for instance, J. W., of New York, says: "I read it with more pleasure and profit than any other paper," and at least one half of all the other correspondents use nearly the same terms, we know of a certainty that they—evidently being intelligent persons—express what is true of the JOURNAL, and it increases our confidence in the ideas we have adopted regarding what is best in a popular paper.

Very often correspondents, delighted with certain stories, write to express this admiration; as, for instance, W. E., of New York, says of "Double Death": "It is the very best story of the American Revolution I have ever had the pleasure of reading," and very naturally asks for "more of the same sort." A number of notes like this is a good indicator of the special interest an author excites, and serves to remind us that another of the "same sort" ought to go into the schedule.

—**Law Students'.**—writing from Baltimore, grow enthusiastic over their SATURDAY JOURNAL, saying, among other things: "We can not fail to express our high appreciation of the admirable serials published in your pages.... Your Indian writer, Oll Coomes, rivals Emerson Bennett in his best days, now long since past. "Death Notch" is one of the finest Indian tales we ever read. We are subscribers to four other leading popular weekly, and our preference is decidedly expressed every week for the JOURNAL.... Your Correspondents' Column" evinces so much ready knowledge that it's a great pleasure to us all." Now, we see in such a volunteer expression, not merely a compliment, but a finger-board pointing in the right direction. If a bevy of law students lighten their serials labors by reading the popular papers, and find most delight in the matter which we place before them, we have a pretty fair proof of the class and kind of paper that is most desired by those who need to be mentally entertained.

—H. F. F., of Cincinnati, approaches us with this wish: "I like the SATURDAY JOURNAL so much, that I wish it were published three or four times a week." "I think it is about the best paper in the United States." If H. F. F. only knew the date, labor and responsibility which are entailed in getting out one issue per week, he would, in compassion for editors and printers, "let up" on us. Once a week is a feast; thrice a week might be a surfeit of good things.

A CHAT.

Just after they had that little singing affair, in Boston, last summer, some highly-complimentary critic had the politeness to remark that the female choristers were rather plain looking, and went on to say they resembled a "pack of country school-maids."

Now, wasn't he a perfect gentleman—don't his good-breeding and admiration for the fair sex show itself in the remark he made? Between you and I, I wouldn't wonder but one of those very same school-

maids had the rare good sense to give him the mitten, once upon a time, and, like a foolish fellow, he vents his spleen on the entire craft.

It is a gross libel on these toilers in the interest of education to style them "homey," or "ill-looking." They are not any thing of the kind—Tom tells me to add, "bless their rosy cheeks and bright eyes!" but I don't know as he is really in earnest—and I can prove it, too. Do you suppose these big, strapping, overgrown fellows would be so anxious to go to the "destrick" school, if the teacher wasn't both sensible and pleasing? In their estimation, knowledge is a secondary consideration to beauty, yet they'll study harder to please that teacher, because she will smile so sweetly when lessons are all perfect, and a real lady's smile will go a great way with the rougher sex. A true "school-marm" is almost infallibly true lady.

City people seem to have strange ideas concerning the teachers of a country school, and 'tis about time they were brought to their senses in that respect. Our country school-maids do not believe in carrying a sour countenance into their schools and making the scholars compare them to some weeping willow; she believes in being kind and good-natured, and she is not above joining in the games and amusements of her pupils out of school-hours—a thing I have rarely ever seen a city teacher do.

Then, you see, the young fellows prevent them from being school-maids long, long enough to make school-teaching mar their beauty, for they generally ask them to share their hearts and homes, which of course they consent to do—and I don't blame them one bit, either; but do?

It always seems most remarkable to me that, when man wants to cast a slurring remark on our sex, he always calls us *homely*. Now, let me tell you, gentlemen, beauty of face is not all that is needed in a woman to make her beloved; there is such a thing as purity of heart: the loveliness of a face may pass away, but the goodness of a heart rarely dies.

When the soldier lies in the hospital on his sick-bed, do you suppose he thinks less of his gentle-hearted nurse because her features are plain, or that her hand would be softer if its owner were favored with a handsome face?

There's something to me really inspiring in the pressure of a woman's hand, even if it is coarse and hardened, for it proves to me that it belongs to one who has worked and labored, one who has not sat idly down and let others do the work the Lord had given her to do. Is she ashamed of her hand? No, indeed, not she! She is, as she ought to be, proud to have it in her power to labor and win her battles for herself and those dear to her.

Now, girls, if you want to please the young man whom you one day expect to call husband, don't think he is going to wed you for your pretty face or flowing curly. If you'd spend more time in the cultivation of your good domestic qualities than you do in frizzing up your hair, it would please him far better, and he'd think you far more suited to be a good and noble wife—that is, if he is the right kind of a person. He wants sense, not show.

You perceive, girls, I have a brother Tom, and I judge a good deal of some men's thoughts by his remarks. Men like to flirt with and banter about pretty butterfly creatures, but they are not the sort of persons they want for the heads of their houses, and we can't blame them for it, can we?

I have not the least objection to your being beautiful in face, if you'll be just as beautiful at heart; but, for the honor of my sex, I want the sons of Adam to perceive that it isn't the lovely countenance we desire to be thought so much of as it is the true nobility of the soul.

PAPAS.

An article in your paper, entitled "Mothers," came under my observation recently, and with the presumed consent of the fair writer, I am constrained to reply that "there is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men," namely, that of constantly condemning the mother of the present day. The "Fashionable mamma with a dwarfed mind and feeble body," is, I concede, a pitiable object; but let me ask, are there not fashionable and carefree papas?

There are very many fathers who can scarcely tolerate the prattle, the play, the noise of their children longer than a few moments at a time—hence the mother's injunction to "be quiet," when time warns her of her lord's approach. Tip-toe it, little ones, "pa is so tired; he does not want to be disturbed; better go to your ma"—perfectly oblivious of the fact that she already has countless duties, and may sink under the weight of her maternal cares. She becomes fatigued too, following all day the same humdrum routine, and would appreciate immensely any effort to relieve her, especially if that effort were put forth by her husband.

Has the father no responsibility at all? Does every thing concerning the training of that soul depend upon the mother? If so, where is the proud boast that he is the head of the family? He is assuredly an impotent head, who exempts himself from duty, and throws the burden on the mother, whom he calls the weaker. Shades of the Patriarchs avenge me, if ever I forgive such gross dereliction!

In the sacrament of Holy Baptism, do not the parents jointly assume the vows for the child? Why ignore that, and endeavor to teach that it is only necessary for the mother to "live a godly, righteous, and sober life," and that it is her prerogative to "bring up the child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?"

Many an evening is whiled away at some Delmonico's, the club-room, or places of innocent amusement, all-unmindful of those at home, who often verily languish for paternal companionship.

Dissipated, reckless fathers create a counter-current against which it is extremely difficult to steer such a frail bark as woman's, and her promises made at the altar are often unfulfilled, because the opposing element is too strong. Naturally a son thinks what a father says and does is right—even if that father's conduct is questionable—how unjust to expect a mother to unteach what is daily taught wrong!

Food and raiment are prepared for the tenteret of the body, while the tenant, the soul, is totally neglected, and, truly he who provides not proper Christian culture and example for his offspring, "has denied the oxen did. You know how that was.

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Food and raiment are

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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REDEMPTION.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

I strayed near a church one even
When all was silent within,
Save the sound of the sermon,
And hushed was the city's din.
And the words they fell so solemn
Upon my listening ear,
For my heart with sin seemed laden,
And throbbed with an inward fear.

Oh, those words to me are precious,
They showed me the better way;
For on that night I was careless,
And the world was all astray.
I ne'er shall forget that sermon,
Nor the spell that held me there;
As I felt the keenest sorrow,
Which recalled my mother's prayer.

Just then pealed the grand old organ,
And my soul within me thrilled,
As the notes came sweet and solemn,
Soon mine eyes with tears were filled.
I heard that stirring music,
And my soul as it pealed
The closing air of the service,
Till my spirit, sore, was healed.

Then the voices of the choir
Sang the closing hymn,
The hymn I had heard so often,
In scenes now to memory dim.
As I hummed it with them softly,
It lightened my heart, and then,
Escaped the last word unbidden,
And that was the grand Amen!

Whose was the Sacrifice?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Do you take me for a fool, Rosa Arlington? or do you fondly dream your chain is still around me, binding me to your charming caprices? Let me tell you, once for all, Miss Arlington, every thing must be over between you and I. Will I forgive you, you asked? And my reply is—never!"

Only by the cold, steel-blue gleam in Frank Rossmore's eyes would one have known how deadly in earnest he was; or, perhaps, had any one been accustomed to note very closely—as Rosa Arlington had in past days—oh! how extremely far past they seemed to her now!—they might have detected a curl of his lips, and a slight compression of them. Only that, besides his low, courteous words, and Rosa Arlington, with a white, terrified face, knew by both sign and words that Frank Rossmore had deliberately stepped on, and coolly, sternly, remorselessly ground under his feet her love for him.

He was a handsome man, and it had been his physical beauty that had at the first attracted Rosa Arlington's artist eye, and gratified her aesthetic taste; and then, when acquaintances ripened quickly into friendship, and as rapidly developed into love, she found that his mind was as richly stored with intellectual grace, as his face and form were with all the completeness of physical beauty and strength.

So she had come to love him, and he to idolize her, and both did much of such Elysian Fields that were to be theirs to enjoy this life in—Well, somehow or other, Rosa Arlington heard of a wondrously sweet face, framed in pale golden tresses, and lighted by bluest of blue eyes; and with the picture drawn her of Florrie Winfield's loveliness, came the undeniable rumor that before she had crossed Frank Rossmore's path, this other girl had enslaved him, and given him her heart to keep.

Then, with the impulses that had made of Rosa Arlington's a pitiful mistake—she found it out after a while—she had angrily given back to Rossmore her truth, and bitterly bemoaned to him the fact that she had believed all his love-making; contemptuously berated herself to him that she had not been open-eyed enough to see through the flimsy veil, and then—figuratively—threw Florrie Winfield in his face.

Of course, with his peculiar temperament, willful, proud, sensitive, Frank Rossmore was not the man to explain or resent her accusations; and so they went their way, each feeling some discordant chord in their life's harmony, that had until this been so sweet.

A year after, when by merest chance they met, Frank Rossmore, like all men, had learned to disregard this love of his. He, with man's sterner nature, had been the first to tread under foot what he never expected to have or hold again. Then, once crushed—these sweet buds of love and confidence—it was an easier matter to shut tight the doors and windows of his heart, that their dying fragrance, and sweetest, because dying, might not steal upon him.

So, when by merest chance they two met on the bleak sea-shore that wild October morning, Frank Rossmore, in all his pride, his strength—shall I not add his cruelty?—felt that between them was a bridgeless chasm, that, though he could, he would not pass—that though she would, she should not.

But Rosa Arlington, with a keen realization of the unspeakable loneliness of her inner life since they parted, with a woman's yearning for forgiveness, even if he was the first to tally with her happiness, with all her soul's emotion written on her eloquent face, all her heart's love depicted in the gesture with which she recognized him—arms outstretched in mute, sweet petition—was suddenly frozen back into utter anguish by his cold, courteous bow, his shrinking step back, and the almost imperceptible shrug of his shoulders.

"Frank! I am sure you will forgive me?"

He hesitated a moment, as if the sound of her low, sweet voice had stirred the ashes of those dead flowers; and then came the curl of his lips, and the compression of his mouth, as he answered the words we have recorded.

And the wind wailed and shrieked in wild harmony with Rosa Arlington's anguish-swept heartstrings.

The sea, all afire, came tumbling in at the foot of the high rock, where she sat and watched him away; and in the weird rushing of the waters she heard the pitiful chorus to the weird song—and its burden was—"blighted forever."

A large, square apartment, whose four plate-glass windows were draped with rose-pink velvet and snow-white lace; with an Aubusson carpet covering the floor with a glowing recital of creamy white, warm-hearted red, and vivid orange tints; luxuriant lounges in velvet and Persian satins; cool statuary that gleamed whitely on ebony pedestals; and a silver lamp, with a crystal globe, lighted up in moonlight radiance, soft and mellow, all this charming spot.

Before a mirror Florrie Winfield was standing, looking intently at her reflection, and thinking, as she looked, if in all this

wide world, there could be so happy a girl as she.

Perhaps she was contrasting her life now with what it had been only a little before, when, after a summer by the seaside, she had grown to love Frank Rossmore so dearly that when he so suddenly and unaccountably deserted her, she could have suffered no more if the grave had shut him in.

She had lived along there weeks and months as people do live, and will live, in such total darkness, such intense bitterness of spirit that she thought, for her, life had spilled from her cup all of light and gladness.

Then she casually heard of a Miss Arlington, a magnificent midnight-haired woman, with an intellect keen and commanding, a figure to inspire the coldest-hearted sculptor, a face that was bewitching to men, and an envy to women. And when it was whispered about that she had chosen Frank Rossmore from among all other men, Florrie Winfield sunk down in utter despair.

But now!—her radiant face and heavenly blue eyes told a new, the very reddest story of love, and life and light again; for he had come back to her again, and she was only too thankful, too ecstatic.

He had come burdened with the pain and regret that he ever had gone away from her; he came in brave honesty, and told her all he had done, and asked her to forgive and forget, and guide him with her hands the rest of the way.

And to-night was the eve of their wedding-day; and to-night she had donned her bridal robes, to see, with pardonable womanly vanity, what sort of looking bride her beloved would lead to the altar.

How her cheeks flushed, then paled, as she watched every curve, every graceful undulation of her gauzy dress; how her eyes brightened with bliss, then seemed misty with tears that were drops of perfect content.

And yet Florrie wondered why this night it should be so. She kept thinking of a face more beautiful than a Peri's; one that Frank had pointed out to her in an art gallery, and told her it was Rosa Arlington.

Darkly luminous eyes seemed meeting hers so often, that carried such a burden of woe, that Florrie could hardly shake off the illusion—even when Frank came, and rallied her on an occasional moment of seriousness, or even when he clasped her tightly in his arms, regardless of her dainty attire, and told her how precious she was to him.

"I'm nervous, I guess," and she laughed as she spoke, then grew suddenly silent again.

"I wish I had not shown you the picture," he said, as if it fretted him to be obliged to recall Rosa Arlington that evening.

"Are you superstitious?" and her bright eyes went up to his questioningly. "Because if you are, they say it is a bad sign for a bride to try on her wedding-clothes. Some people say they never will wear them again."

His arms suddenly tightened round her waist.

"If I should lose you—oh! my darling!—what ridiculous idea has entered that head of yours?"

"So he smiled away her "nervousness," and the evening sped on in merriment and gayety.

A grave, covered with fresh grassy sod; a cross of *immortelle* lying upon it; a tall, broken shaft uprearing from its head that bore the simple inscription:

FRANK FANE ROSSMORE,
At 28.

IN MEMORIAM.

"Is it too hard to bear, poor child?"

They were tender, womanly tones; and a light, sympathetic touch fell on Florrie Winfield's shoulder as she knelt with her white face pressing the green turf, and her black dress sweeping around her fragile form.

"Miss Winfield! I loved him, too."

And then Florrie raised her eyes, and the two women met; these two, so wholly unlike, such utter strangers, and yet bound strangely together by the one simple, touching truth—they had loved him.

"It is so hard, so hard, and we were to have been married that very day!"

Rosa Arlington's frame shivered; but she reached across Frank Rossmore's grave and clasped Florrie's hand in mute sympathy.

"How surpassing strange it is!" she said, as if communing with herself. "How are God's ways past finding out!" He crushed me—this silent sleeper beneath us—and I lived on and on, and will live on to suffer till I can bear no more. And now, you have your cup refilled with grief; and all for him who died so terribly sudden. Miss Winfield," and Rosa abruptly put the finishing touch to you that, as Frank Rossmore trifled with your heart and mine, Providence used a disease of the heart, swift, smiting, to call him from his cup of happiness?"

Florrie's sobs had ceased to listen to this strange woman's words; now, with a pitiably quivering of her white lips, she essayed to stay the tide of half-reproach.

"But now he's dead! and I loved him so!"

The words seemed to unseal a fountain of tenderness in the other's soul.

"God pity us both, for I love him beyond all his trifling—beyond the grave where he rests. Oh, my love, my love!"

She stooped and pressed her lips to the unconscious earth, and then stole silently away, leaving the widowed bride to her dead.

Whose, think you, was the sacrifice?

The Pearl.—The pearl was anciently considered a preservative of virtue, although Cleopatra certainly did not dissolve her's with that intent. Although the pearl will dissolve in a strong acid, it is needless to say that vinegar is far too weak to produce such an effect. It is a pity to be obliged to demolish such a pretty story, but the truth must be told. The oriental pearl is just as much prized now as in ancient times. The charming harmony it has with a delicate skin has always made the necklace of this material so much valued. It used to be one of the boasts of the famous lady, Hester Stanhope, that water could run beneath her instep without wetting the sole of her foot, and that her pearl necklace could not at a little distance be detected upon her neck. Among the famous pearls existing at the present day is one belonging to the Shah of Persia, valued at £60,000. Her Majesty was presented with a fine necklace by the East India Company, and the one possessed by the Empress of the French is famous.

A Strange Girl: A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZPEA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE SKIPPER'S CONFESSION.

NATHAN'S entrance into the room interrupted the conversation.

"Wal, cap'n, how do you feel now?" he asked.

"Putty poorly, Nathan," the old man answered, slowly.

"I'm 'tarnel sorry; can't I do somethin' for you? Shant I go for a doctor?"

"I'm afraid that a doctor wouldn't do me much good," Embden said, sorrowfully.

"Wal, I don't have much faith in them and in their nasty stuff myself," Nathan said. "I never could understand why medicine that a feller takes to do him good should allers pucker his insides all up. Now, squire, if I were you, I'd take two or three hot rum punches and go to bed. I guess that the rum will make your head swim round so that, if a ghost does come, you'll see about six of 'em, and there'll be so many, you'll get use to 'em." And after this advice the hired man departed.

"Let's go up-stairs, Delie," the old man said, suddenly, after quite a long pause.

"I want you to her all about it; my mind will be easier then."

Assisted by his daughter, the old man crept slowly up the stairs to his own room—a front chamber on the second story.

Delta lit the gas, brought a rocking-chair for her father, and a common chair for herself, which she placed by the side of her father's.

"Now, Delie, I'm jest a-goin' to tell you what a wicked, wretched man you've got for a father," the old man said, solemnly.

"Why, father!" the girl exclaimed, looking with a beaming smile and eyes full of love, into her father's face, "if you keep on saying such dreadful things, I shall begin to think that there is really something the matter with your head."

"Tain't the head, Delie; it's the heart that troubles me," Embden said, with a heavy groan.

"Now, father, as I've told you all along, you mustn't think of such disagreeable things."

"Delie, dear, when the devil gets hold of a man, he don't give him much peace."

"Oh, father!"

"It's the truth. I feel that I'm on an oarsman sea; there's rocks all around, and there's no tellin' how soon the ship will strike on the reef and all hands go down. When I sailed the Nancy Jane, and it come on to blow a stiff northeaster, with an ugly chopping sea, I could ask the Lord with a free heart to take the little coasting smack under his protection and carry skipper Embden back to his old woman and little gal in Bideford, but I can't do it now. I've tried to pray a dozen times, but the words don't come out freely; they kinder stick on the way. The deacon prayed for me to-night, and I jined in. It took a weight right off my heart. I've been tryin' to cheat myself that every thing was all right; that I'd acted fair and honest, and that my account was square before the Lord; but the deacon he jest waded in and made me see what an awful sinner I am and how good my chance is to go down to the bottomless pit hereafter. I'm going to tell you all about it, Delie, and then afore I go to bed, I'm going down on my two knees, and I'm going to wrastle with the devil for my soul. I kept it pure and good for forty years, and that ought to count a little for me now."

The girl was perplexed; her father's manner showed no evidence of insanity, yet she could not understand why he should talk so strangely.

There was quite a long silence. Embden was breathing heavily, but he seemed much more composed than he had been.

"Now, Delie, jest you listen to me 'tentionately," the old captain enjoined.

The girl, her arm resting upon her father's knee, looked up into his face with earnest interest.

"You remember, Delie, arter your mother's death, I kissed you good-by, told you that I was going on a long cruise, and sailed the Nancy Jane out of the harbor?"

"Yes, I remember, father."

"And you never heered a word of me, or from me, till I come back to Bideford and told you that I was a rich man."

The girl nodded.

"You don't know where I sailed to, nor anybody else; you don't know where I made my money, nor anybody else. When they asked me questions, I told 'em that I had sold the Nancy Jane, and had speculated in ile. But it wa'n't the truth, Delie. There was somethin' on my hands that stuck to 'em as tight as oil and smelt a good deal worse. When I left Bideford, I sailed right straight for the capes of Virginia. I met a man about two months before in Boston, who was a secret agent for the Southerners. He was buying medicine, caps and such things for the South, and he wanted a little smack like mine to run the blockade with. So he and I made a bargain. It warn't right, Delie, for me, a Northern man, to go ag'in' my own side and help the other, but I wanted money bad. I had been a-sailing that Nancy Jane up and down the coast for many a long year, and somehow I couldn't get forehand with the world. Wal, he offered me a big price if I'd do what he wanted, so I asked Jethro—he was my man, you know—whether he was willing to risk it, and so we went into the speculation.

"Arter we got into Virginian waters we used to get our cargo somewhere on the eastern shore of Maryland and run over at night into some of the Virginian creeks and land it.

"I s'pose we run the blockade for nigh a year and never got overhauled by the Fed'rals. Then things commenced to look squalidly for the South. Grant was hammering away at Lee's army like all possessed. They couldn't shake him off; and putty soon I could see with half an eye that the Fed'rals were beginning to fall out. I had carried sealed packets two or three times from Maryland addressed to a 'Mr. White.' These packets had leaden seals attached to each corner, so that, in case that a gunboat captured me, I could throw them overboard and they would sink at once."

"This Mr. White, who was a good-looking man, with a smooth, boyish face, about

thirty-five or forty—I should think, though he didn't look to be over twenty-five—gillers received the packet in person. I had a notion the first time that I saw him that he was some high officer of the Fed'rals. Wal, it was just after the battles of the Wilderness that I carried a larger package than usual over to this Mr. White. This time he opened the package right before me. We were standing at the time under a clump of trees 'bout forty feet from the shore. He didn't appear at all satisfied with the letters that the sealed packet contained, and I heard him mutter, two or three times, it is no use; the end must come. It's only a question of time now, Wal, I kinder guessed that he meant the Fed'rals was going to get the best of it.

"All of a sudden he turned to me and said, 'That's a neat little craft of yours, skipper.' 'Putty fair,' I answered. Then he looked at the smack and appeared to be thinking 'bout something. 'Will she stand much sea?' could you sail from here to New York in her?" he asked. "I guess so, I said, 'seeing as how I sailed her right straight from Nantucket to Cape Charles.' Then he looked at the smack again, and then he looked me all over. 'Skipper,' he said, in his quick, short way, 'are you a rich man?' I told him that I hadn't any more money than I could take care of.

"Then ag'in he looked at the smack, and then ag'in he looked at me. 'Would you like to make a thousand dollars?' he asked.

"Wal now, Delie, a thousand dollars was

CHANGES.

BY N. H.

We are passing through a world of change,
Of fair daylight and dark night gloom;
On us the sun shines bright to-day;
But now a mist obscures our way,
As we are called upon to say
A dear friend in the tomb.

There are weeds and thorns, and joys abound;
There are flowers, and pain profound;
There are happy hearts and loves untrue;
There are broken hearts and friends grown cold;
While peace is blessing a prosperous land,
War comes with its blood-stained hand.

Time is bearing us swiftly away;
Life's scenes are changing day by day;
We cannot stay, we are alone;
A smile is welcome, a sadness throned;
We will reach the final goal ere long,
The gates of Eternal day!

Iron and Gold:

OR,

THE NIGHT-HAWKS OF ST. LOUIS.
BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CREST-
CENT," "HOLLOWED," "HERCULES, THE
HUNGRY," "THE LADY OF MARALS,"
"THE RED SCORPION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WHISPER OF A SONG.

"I will hope—tho' all forsake me—
It's mercy to the last." —NORTON.

Mrs. Diggs made good her resolution to be careful of the comfort of her new boarder.

Zella's meals were sent up to her—a dinner of substantial fare, with delicate pastries; and in the afternoon the landlady presented herself, with an hour or so of leisure for conversation.

The young girl was deeply susceptible to the many kindnesses Mrs. Diggs inaugurated; she thanked her more than once for those little attentions which she really needed in her present frame of mind, and which were being showered in abundance.

And, all along, good Mrs. Diggs was puzzling her wits to find out something definite of the pale, timid being in whom she felt so great and growing an interest. But Zella revealed nothing.

The afternoon passed away; and when Mrs. Diggs withdrew, Zella had been strengthened by the pleasantries, friendliness, and solicitous chat of her companion.

When evening came on, it found her again seated at the window, looking vacantly out at the stars that peeped forth slowly, one by one—her thoughts flitting in a random field, though still, despite her efforts to the contrary, filled with yearning for the man she loved, and, at times, picturing him in the weirdness of dreamlike imagination.

On the mantelpiece was a vial from a near drug store—the result of Doctor Onnorrann's visit; but it remained untouched. It was not that kind of medicine which Zella needed. Her body was not sick, but the heart—the brain—torture was in both, a disease which no physician, with all his arts, could cure.

The stores were being lighted up; a brilliant glare fell on the pavements, the hum of the busy city was dying out, and giving place to that peculiar alternation of lurch and noise which marks night-time with a sort of solemn strangeness.

Zella's room was dark. The moments were fleeting; yet the dreamer, with a soul absorbed in melancholy, sat motionless and silent—oblivious to every thing save the pain that reigned within her bosom.

She was more than ever beautiful at that moment, with the fitful flashes from the street below playing upon her pallid features—her jetty hair curling round her neck, and clustering in ringlets on her white brow, and the two dark eyes glistening, part with wet, part with that heavenly luster which, it would seem, all her weeping and sadness could not dim.

Suddenly she started. There floated to her hearing a soft strain of music—a guitar and a voice in song.

The hand that touched the strings was a master one, and the air it accompanied was one of unusual sweetness.

Some poor waif, perhaps, without a home, or friends, or food, was roaming through the street, hoping to obtain a morsel as the reward of her efforts on the instrument.

It could be but a child—the voice was low and timid, yet seeming to glow with pathos.

Zella listened. The words of the song had struck her. It was as if the wanderer strove to allay the misery of her own hopeless spirit, while appealing to the heedless throng.

And these were the words of the strain that rose to the ear of the sorrowful listener:

"There are as apt as bright as ever,
All the sweets of earth were never
Wrought pur in their purest kiss,
Glad smiles are the sunbeams of love,
From whence the gay of joy,
And the even of life will prove
Life is not without alloy."

"Oh! banish the cloud of sorrow,
Woo the bright gold of smiles—
Think of the peace of to-morrow,
And not to-day with its trials.
Hark! the voice around thee,
Come and gather thylein,
Forget that sorrow hath bound thee,
And live in dreams that are fair."

When it ceased, Zella's eyes were full of tears, and her heart went out in a double pity for the child.

"Ah! girl," she murmured, "you little knew that one like me has listened to you—listened to words that are but a mockery. Perhaps, yes, you are living a life that is all gloom, without one ray of love's sunbeam to bring a smile to your young lips; but you are not the only one—not the only miserable or unhappy—no, not the only one!"

The street-child had passed on; and a bowed figure sat at the upper window, with face buried in her hands, sobbing, sobbing, under the influence of that song whose words and notes told of a life of woe.

It was nearly nine o'clock, when one of the house-servants tapped at Zella's door.

"A lady to see you, Miss," was the announcement, as the girl looked searchingly about the shadowy apartment.

"To see me? a lady?" in surprise.

"Yes, Miss."

"I guess there must be some mistake—"

"No, Miss—she doesn't know your name; she only said she wanted to see the young lady who was sitting at the third-story window about noon to-day, and saw a barouche go past. She said you'd remember if I told you that. It must be you, for there's only one other lady boarder, and she's on the second floor."

"He has."

"Yes—of course."

Zella's heart gave a great throb. Who could it be? Mention of the barouche startled her.

While she was silent in amazement and wonder, the girl asked:

"Will you come down, Miss?"

"No—I will receive her here," involuntarily, yet prompted by a feeling that she would prefer to see this visitor in privacy.

And when the servant had departed, she asked herself, while she hastened to light the large, globe lamp on the table:

"What can it be? I—I scarce know why, but—I feel very strange, just now. I am very nervous. I dread something. Is anything to happen? I must fight it off. I must be calm. Who can it be?"

Her question was soon answered.

In a few moments the door opened, and Ida Wyn entered. Before the comet had taken half a dozen steps, she paused. Both she and Zella only partially stifled an exclamation of surprise, for each saw that the other was a counterpart of herself!

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT WILL BE THE CONSEQUENCES?

What then the wife of Zella has bound us
To fates that are darkest and scenes that are cold,
If the clouds hover unending around us.

"Like skies that in April have marred the day's
gold?"

Feelings so often attended
With glooms that are deepest, like waves of the
sea never singly, but shadowy blended
Each one with the other, and will ever be.

—ELIZA COOK.

Mrs. Diggs made good her resolution to be careful of the comfort of her new boarder.

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And, all along, good Mrs. Diggs was puzzling her wits to find out something definite of the pale, timid being in whom she felt so great and growing an interest. But Zella revealed nothing.

The afternoon passed away; and when Mrs. Diggs withdrew, Zella had been strengthened by the pleasantries, friendliness, and solicitous chat of her companion.

When evening came on, it found her again seated at the window, looking vacantly out at the stars that peeped forth slowly, one by one—her thoughts flitting in a random field, though still, despite her efforts to the contrary, filled with yearning for the man she loved, and, at times, picturing him in the weirdness of dreamlike imagination.

On the mantelpiece was a vial from a near drug store—the result of Doctor Onnorrann's visit; but it remained untouched. It was not that kind of medicine which Zella needed. Her body was not sick, but the heart—the brain—torture was in both, a disease which no physician, with all his arts, could cure.

The stores were being lighted up; a brilliant glare fell on the pavements, the hum of the busy city was dying out, and giving place to that peculiar alternation of lurch and noise which marks night-time with a sort of solemn strangeness.

Zella's room was dark. The moments were fleeting; yet the dreamer, with a soul absorbed in melancholy, sat motionless and silent—oblivious to every thing save the pain that reigned within her bosom.

She was more than ever beautiful at that moment, with the fitful flashes from the street below playing upon her pallid features—her jetty hair curling round her neck, and clustering in ringlets on her white brow, and the two dark eyes glistening, part with wet, part with that heavenly luster which, it would seem, all her weeping and sadness could not dim.

Suddenly she started. There floated to her hearing a soft strain of music—a guitar and a voice in song.

The hand that touched the strings was a master one, and the air it accompanied was one of unusual sweetness.

Some poor waif, perhaps, without a home, or friends, or food, was roaming through the street, hoping to obtain a morsel as the reward of her efforts on the instrument.

It could be but a child—the voice was low and timid, yet seeming to glow with pathos.

Zella listened. The words of the song had struck her. It was as if the wanderer strove to allay the misery of her own hopeless spirit, while appealing to the heedless throng.

And these were the words of the strain that rose to the ear of the sorrowful listener:

"There are as apt as bright as ever,
All the sweets of earth were never
Wrought pur in their purest kiss,
Glad smiles are the sunbeams of love,
From whence the gay of joy,
And the even of life will prove
Life is not without alloy."

"Oh! banish the cloud of sorrow,
Woo the bright gold of smiles—
Think of the peace of to-morrow,
And not to-day with its trials.
Hark! the voice around thee,
Come and gather thylein,
Forget that sorrow hath bound thee,
And live in dreams that are fair."

When it ceased, Zella's eyes were full of tears, and her heart went out in a double pity for the child.

"Ah! girl," she murmured, "you little knew that one like me has listened to you—listened to words that are but a mockery. Perhaps, yes, you are living a life that is all gloom, without one ray of love's sunbeam to bring a smile to your young lips; but you are not the only one—not the only miserable or unhappy—no, not the only one!"

The street-child had passed on; and a bowed figure sat at the upper window, with face buried in her hands, sobbing, sobbing, under the influence of that song whose words and notes told of a life of woe.

It was nearly nine o'clock, when one of the house-servants tapped at Zella's door.

"A lady to see you, Miss," was the announcement, as the girl looked searchingly about the shadowy apartment.

"To see me? a lady?" in surprise.

"Yes, Miss."

"I guess there must be some mistake—"

"No, Miss—she doesn't know your name; she only said she wanted to see the young lady who was sitting at the third-story window about noon to-day, and saw a barouche go past. She said you'd remember if I told you that. It must be you, for there's only one other lady boarder, and she's on the second floor."

"He has."

"Yes—of course."

Another pause. Then the furnisher of ice-boxes:

"Um! Is she aware?"

"Not a bit."

"Where is she?"

"In the city."

"Um!"

"Are you going back to the city before night?"

"I have to. It's late now."

"So much the better."

"So much the better?"

"You can advise Miss Kearn of what has happened."

"Oh—yes, certainly, of course."

"Here is her address. When you advise her of the sad occurrence, it would be as well to hasten her out here, at once."

"I'll see to it myself," said the diminutive personage, pocketing the card. Onnorrann gave him, which bore the name of the street and number of the house where Zella was staying.

Then aloud:

"Jest go on, Beula."

"After Mandor was released, Onnorrann, the Doctor, tried for the widow's hand. But, again, he failed. She never liked him. And, to be rid of him, she married Wilbur Kearn, before she took off her mourning weeds."

"Marr'd Wilbur Kearn."

"The marriage took place in a far city, and was not known here till some time afterward. One year after this second marriage there was another child. Onnorrann, hating the pair, with all his devil nature, was watching them. When this child was six months old he hired me to steal it away—and I brought it to you."

"Bro't it to me," repeated Dan, who was thinking deeply.

"At the birth of this child—which was

his death-bed, she left considerable money to her husband; and she was so attached to him, that she expressed a wish for Zella, her first child, to be known under her step-father's name. This was done—"

"It was done."

"Zella Mandor became Zella Kearn."

"Zella Mandor is Zella Kearn!" he exclaimed.

"She is—but she don't know about the change."

"And she's Cal Mandor's daughter?"

"Yes."

"An' the child at you bro't to me, bout seventeen years gone, is the daughter of Wilbur Kearn?"

"Yes."

"O-hi-o!" and Dan felt that he had gained some valuable information.

"When I had stolen Olse Kearn," pursued the quadroon, "I wanted Onnorrann to pay me more money, and I threatened to tell what I had done."

"Told 'im you'd blab."

"He cast me into this room, and I've been a prisoner ever since."

"How long?"

"Nearly seventeen years. But, wait! Kearn knew that Onnorrann was his enemy, and went to him, the first thing, to accuse him with being a party to the theft of the child. He came with stern and angry words. But Onnorrann laughed at him; and he brought him to this room, showed me to him as the holder of the secret—and I had to repeat a lesson which was taught me, not to be forgotten, under a terrible penalty."

"Why didn't Kearn bring down the police?"

"Because Onnorrann swore, that, before Kearn could do it, he'd kill me, and my secret would die with me—he didn't know what I had done with the child; but, knew that I could find it, if need be. Hear, though: whenever Kearn came before me, I was to repeat these words:

"One wife wedded, wife of two,
Child by each, and a child that's lost;
One who never father knew,
And one that's on life's billows lost."

"Mar

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Cochise scanned the other from head to foot, and observed:

"What do here? Ugh!"

"Ich bin commen to see Cochise," said Carl, coolly. "You bin him, hein?"

"Me Cochise?" replied the Apache, proudly. "Great chief of the Apaches. All white men hide when see Cochise."

"But you don't get men genug to take away de rifles from de soldiers, hein?" said Carl. "You comes mit me, and I shows you how to catch dem, shoot so easy as tumble off a log."

"Who are you?" demanded Keché-ah-que-kono, the best English scholar of the party, very suspiciously.

"I bin a deserter from der army," said Carl, quietly. "I haf ein quarrel mit Major Morris, de vête chief over dere, und I comen hier to show you how to take dem, guns and all, venefer you likes!"

The chiefs looked from one to the other. Carl's dress was obviously military to a certain extent, as much so as that of most deserters. He rode a stout Government horse, in a McClellan saddle; but then he had no weapons, a suspicious circumstance.

"Where are your gun and pistols?" asked the Cheyenne chief. "Deserters have guns."

"Ich bin der cook," said Brinkerhoff, calmly. "Ve haf no guns, notings but dieser messer."

And he pulled a huge cook's knife, a yard long, out of the knee of his boot.

"I cooks for de men und de officers; und I haf nice time till dem wants for to put mir on guard; den I kicks against him, und I takes mein horse, und I kallops away like der teufel, till I kets into your camp!"

"And when did you come away?" asked Keché.

"Yesterday, ven de fight pekin," said the German. "I don't got no lofe to fight, shentleman, und I rons ven de first fire begins. Bote I likes de two leedle kirls vot vast in der camp mit de soldiers, und I wants to get dem for myself. So you bromise mir I habs dem, I shows you how you kets into der camp mit de soldiers, shoot so easy as notings."

"White man big fool," said Cochise, gruffly. "Squaws no good. What for want squaws? How can get into camp?"

"You gifes me de leedle kirls, und I shows you," said Carl.

"How know squaws here?" demanded Cochise.

"Yakop haf tell me," said Carl, phlegmatically.

"Who is Yakop?" asked the chief.

"Mein leedle tog," answered Carl. "Yakop commen zie hier, mein hund, und make a pow to der chief, like a leedle shentleman."

Yakop immediately rose up on his hind legs, walked forward, and made a very polite bow to the chief.

Cochise, who had never seen such a thing before, was wonderfully pleased at the sagacity of the animal, and involuntarily held out his hand.

"How do, brudder?" he said.

To his great delight Yakop extended his paw, and answered with a short "wuff."

Cochise laughed uproariously, and the other chiefs were greatly amused and delighted. It has often been remarked in Indian delegations that the comical tricks of pantomime please them much more than the most magnificent display of scenery, and learned animals take them captive at once. So it was with Cochise and the other chiefs.

Lately suspicious as they were of the German, Yakop's performances seemed to break the ice at once, and remove all distrust.

"White man must stay with us and keep dog," said Keché, who had never seen such a thing, even in his often-boasted Eastern tour. "White man shall be chief, and dog be made medicine-dog. Make him do more."

Accordingly Carl dismounted, nothing loth, and proceeded to put Yakop through a variety of tricks of various kinds, in the midst of a great circle of admiring Indians. The news of the white man and "the dog who was a great medicine," spread with lightning speed through all three camps, till the ring was closely packed all round with thousands of heads, and Carl and Yakop were the observed of all observers.

Then the German remarked to Cochise: "You ask me how I know leedle kirls in dieser camp. Yakop he tell me. Now you leads him go, und he vindes were dey be, und gife dem message, votefot you blease."

Cochise was half-incredulous, but delighted at the opportunity of seeing another trick. So he said:

"Tell little white squaws Cochise want dem."

"All recht," answered the German.

Then he called Yakop, and made a long speech to him in German, which the dog listened attentively. He told him to hunt about till he found two white girls, and give them a letter, and Yakop answered "wuff."

"Say, mister shief," said Carl, in conclusion. "Yakop is a gut tog, bote de leedle kirls don't got no sense to understand him. Suppose I writes von leedle letter to dems, to tell dems you vants dems. Den he carry it on their way."

"Good," said Cochise, unsuspiciously; and Carl pulled out his pocket-book and wrote as follows on a blank leaf:

"Come with the bearer where he will lead you. Friends are near you, and we will try to rescue you. But show no surprise whatever you see."

A FRIEND."

"Dere, mein hund, du leedle kirls," said Brinkerhoff, addressing the dog. "Now, mister shief, you vants leedle time, und you see dot Yakop do shoost as I say."

Yakop took the letter and trotted off in a circle, sniffing the ground.

Presently he struck off in a straight line for the Comanche camp, the crowd opening before him, and Cochise exclaimed:

"Good dog. White man, great medicine. Dog go straight to squaws."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAPTIVE GIRLS.

In the midst of the Comanche camp, reclining under a tree and twining their arms around each other, were two young girls, pale and miserable-looking, but very pretty. One was a brunet, the other a blonde, and yet no one would have hesitated to call them any thing but sisters.

They were the two unfortunate young ladies who had been taken captive the day before, owing to the sudden stampede of the two ambulance horses. In the same vehicle with them had been their mother, the wife of General Davis, (commander at Denver,) and a single driver.

The latter had been shot dead before the horses started, and Mrs. Davis had been cut down and scalped before the eyes of the

shrieking girls, who had expected nothing else but to share the same fate. The Cheyenne chief, Keché-ah-que-kono, had galloped up just in time to save them from death or worse, and had carried them off, since which time they had been left comparatively alone under the tree, the Indians keeping at some distance from them.

The girls were listening to the frequent yells of delight that greeted Yakop's performances, and drearily wondering what it was all about.

"Oh! Blanche," said Clara Davis, the dark sister, shuddering; "whatever will become of us? Hark to those fearful monsters! Perhaps they are preparing for another attack on our friends. Is it not terrible to be left here, in sight of the very wagons that shelter our soldiers, and know that we are as helpless as if we lay in prison?"

"Let us trust in God, Clara," said Blanche, trying to put on an air of hopefulness. "He can not mean to kill us, or we should not have been left alive so long. Help may come yet. It is impossible that so many soldiers as were in our escort can be conquered by these wrecks of Indians. You know how contemptuously the officers always spoke of them."

"But they could not drive them off, Blanche," said Clara. "See, the wagons remain just as they run them into the corral; and you know how many horses were killed before ours ran away."

"I know it, Clara; but the Indians must have been beaten off, otherwise the wagons would have been burned before this; and they seem to be afraid to attack the soldiers again. There is no more firing."

Just at that moment they heard a great yell, and the crowd of Indians parted in front of them. Out of the crowd came running a stout little cur, ugly and common-looking, who came galloping straight toward them, followed by his yelling admirers.

"Look, Clara, look!" said Blanche, eagerly. "There comes a dog, and no Indian's dog neither. He's coming here. What can it mean?"

Yakop bounded up, wagging his thick, stumpy tail, and laid a little white note in the girl's lap.

Then he gave three or four short barks, expressive of satisfaction, and sat gravely in front of them, looking as important as a judge, awaiting the reading of the note.

The Indians in the rear had halted to watch the proceedings at a respectful distance, and a great chattering ensued among them.

Blanche opened the letter, and read it through twice. Then she handed it to her sister, and pressed her hand on her heart to still its excited pulsations.

"Did I not say God would protect us, Clara?" she whispered. "Some one is coming to our help. I knew they would."

"Who can it be?" murmured Clara, as she looked at the angular German hand in which the letter was written. "He tells us to follow the bearer, and to show no surprise whatever we see. What can it mean?"

They were interrupted by a short "wuff" from Yakop, who had risen, and was looking back as if inviting them to follow him.

"What a queer dog!" said Clara, innocently. "Are we really to follow him?"

"Wuff," said Yakop, emphatically; and he went off on two steps and looked back.

"He really seems to understand," said Blanche. "This is a strange thing. A dog brings us a letter telling us to follow him, and he seems to understand all about it, we shall soon know. See! they are opening it now."

Again Yakop barked impatiently, and the girls rose to their feet.

Immediately Yakop began frisking and gamboling to express his delight, and set off at a slow trot toward the Indians.

"Oh! Blanche, Are you not afraid to go?" said Clara, apprehensively, as she noted the hideous war-paint of the braves.

"As much as you," answered sensible Blanche; "but it must be done. That letter must have come from a friend, and we ought to follow his advice. There is some mystery hidden here, and what it is we shall soon know. See! they are opening it now."

The amazed man fitted an arrow hurriedly to his bow as the furious stallion girls rose to their feet.

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The circle of braves parted as she spoke; and the two sisters, hand in hand, walked slowly toward the bivouac of Cochise, through a lane of Indian warriors, with their eyes cast down to the earth in mortal terror, but restraining the expression of their fears as well as they could.

CHAPTER XIX.

ECLAIR.

WHILE these events were transpiring in the Indian camp, four men were overlooking it from a lofty pass of the Sierra, three of them mounted and one afoot. The pedestrian was Gustave Belcourt; and the Rock Rider was speaking to Somers and Brinkerhoff.

"Beyond you, gentlemen," he said, "the passes are no doubt free of Indians in the spring. I have watched them coming for more than a week, and they are only numerous in the lower passes. Any you meet on your way to Denver you can dispose of. They will only be a few roving vagabonds. Once through those mountains to the north, and you will come to the Middle Park. God speed you thence."

"Tis a straight road to Denver, and they have parts of several regiments there. We will do our best to keep the Indians in the valley till you bring help. Spare the spur to-day. You will want it at night. Farewell."

He dismissed them with a wave of his hand, like a king sending away his subjects. Gaunt and meager as he was, roughly and scantly dressed, there was yet a certain air of the carriage and air of the mad Rock Rider that told of the habit of command.

Instinctively the two cousins bowed low, as they had so often done on receiving orders from some General, and both rode away down the pass toward the north, at a rapid pace.

Then the Rock Rider turned to Gustave.

"Now, monsieur," he said, in perfectly pure French, "let us proceed on our errand to see what lives we can. You have no horse. What shall we do about that?"

"I must go on foot, I suppose," said Belcourt, mournfully; "but I regret it much, for my horse is such a creature as few men ever owned, and I have taught him all the tricks of the circus. He will come to me like a dog, but no one else can catch him, and woe betide the man that tries to lasso him. If he is only loose and hears my voice, he will come to me."

"Look down into the valley," said the Rock Rider, "and tell me if you see your horse."

Belcourt advanced to the edge of the

pass, whence he could see the whole of the valley, and looked down.

The South Park was full of Indians and grazing horses, but it was not possible at that distance to distinguish individuals.

"What color is your horse?" asked the Rock Rider.

"Black," answered the Frenchman. "I do not see him."

"Yonder he is," said the Rock Rider quietly. "He feeds by himself, and the Indians do not see him."

He pointed to a part of the valley at the foot of the Sierra, where a belt of wood separated a little strip of green from the rest of the Park.

A black horse was to be seen there, all alone, feeding quietly.

"Mount behind me," said the Rock Rider. "I will take you there. He feeds at the entrance of my own secret passage."

The young Frenchman obeyed the injunction, and the tall mule set off at a trot along the edge of a precipice, through paths apparently impracticable for man or beast, with a confidence that told of long practice, diving into the recesses of black canons, and finally bringing up in the singular cove or cleft by which the dog had led the three friends the night before.

Emerging into a broad, easy ravine, the Rock Rider pointed to the green meadow below, and observed:

"There is your horse. Call him."

Belcourt uttered a cry of delight. It was Mount behind me," said the Rock Rider. "I will take you there. He feeds at the entrance of my own secret passage."

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THE TWO FAIRIES.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

Floating together in sweet airs of spring,
Two sister fairies soared above the trees;
The butterflies like souls upon the wing,
Hovered around them; and the honey bees
Lent subtle perfume to the gentle breeze;
And sportive gossamer gamed in the air,
Twirling over tropic meadows,
Telling each other of their journeys, there,
In sunny climes of southern lands, all void of care.

A village lay below them, on the plain,
With shady groves begirding it around,
While smiling fields with freshly-sprouting grain,
Showed fairest setting to the gem that crowned
The green spring landscape; and the peaceful
sons.

Of tinkling sheep-bells mingled with the knell
Of holy orisons, that echoed round
From yonder old church tower's swinging bell,
Speaking of heaven and blessings in its solemn swell.

And lo, beside the village lay a camp,
With snowy ranks of tents in order fair,
With red and orange fires, and the crackle tramp,
The army paes. The dawn morning air
Heavy with smoke of watchfire, lingering there,
Spread, like a vail, above the fields below,
And hid the spot where had made his lair,
With stacks of arms, and chargers in a row,
And spangled guns and sabres, all in deadly show.

The fairies sat on one of these fires,
The other sad and dark-eyed, as was meet;
All nature round rejoiced in happy hours,
Unmindful of the camp beneath their feet.
Then spoke the fairy, saying: "Sister, dear,
Why dost thou scatter flowers, so to greet
Some happy bridal pair? for we are here,
And heroes lie uncovered in the fields without a bier.

The smiling fairy answered not, but threw
Fresh flowers, sending gladness to the earth,
That seemed to spring, all freshly bathed in dew,
Rising from the earth, and gave them birth:
Then burst forth singing, in a song of mirth:
A wild, sweet song, that floated down the breeze,
That called the birds to welcome back the birth
Of smiling spring, and quenched sad memories,
Singing a hymn of holy war and conquered peace.

"Sing for the dead that die in battle!
They suffer not.
Sing for the rifle's rolling rattle,
And kissing shot!

"For the world goes forward every day,
And the way of progress will not stay,
While freedom takes her onward way,
Mid flames so hot.

"And better the death 'neath a waving flag
Than the one that comes with a weary drag,
In a sick room dark, where the hours lag,
And the muscles rot.

"It's better to lie in an honored grave,
With the tears of those we died to save
To water the turf that hides the brave
Who trembled not.

"For war is the furnace fire so bright,
That burns the wrong and avenges right,
And the pure gold comes from the flame
of sight.

From the black ore got.

"And the nation's courage and fortitude
Are the virtues born in the battle rade;
For Liberty's tree needs martyrs' blood
To its deep-struck root.

"Far better the peace that victory buys
Than the one that comes of a trader's lies,
And the sordid fear of a stolen prize,
Or a vanquished lot.

"Sing for the dead that die in battle,
They suffer not."

Tempted, but True.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

SHE sat beside the window, while the twilight fell about the world, and rocked her baby, singing the while a low and plaintive lullaby that was full of minor chords, and formed a fitting accompaniment to her thoughts.

She was a woman who, for five years, had been a wife, and for two a mother. She had married a man years older than herself, not because she loved him, but because her father wished it. It was a question of policy with him, and not a question of his child's happiness. The man he wished her to marry was the possessor of vast wealth. Wealth, in the eyes of some men, is more than happiness which can not be reckoned in dollars and cents.

To-night, as she sat there rocking her baby to and fro, there was a shadow on her face, and a deeper one upon her heart.

The man who had promised to love her "till death should part them," was not the kind of man to make her, or any one else, happy. He was absorbed in his business. A cold, stern man, who could love nothing but his gold. Harsh, even, to the wife who bore his coldness and neglect uncomplainingly.

It is not to be wondered at that the heart of Leslie Trevor yearned for some love that could satisfy the longing and hunger in it. It was but natural that such a yearning should fill it. Every heart seeks companionship and love of a nature kindred to its own, and there was nothing congenial between her and her husband.

When baby came, Leslie had something to care for, and the pent-up affection of her heart went out to the wee, fair child, in the unutterable fullness of mother-love. She thought she should never want for any thing more to love.

But there is a love in the heart of every man and woman, I think, which is different from the love a child awakens. A love that sooner or later starts into existence, and fills the soul with its beauty and sweet-scent, as a flower suddenly expands and perfumes the air with the fragrance in its heart.

When Leslie Trevor met Hugh Vernon, this love, which no one had touched into life heretofore, sprang up in her heart, and at last she felt the strange, rapt sense of loving as only a woman should love the man who is to be her henceforth the one man in all the whole wide world.

Do not judge her harshly, oh, ye wise and sinless ones, who know nothing of what she had to undergo. Do not call that love sin which was something holy and pure to her. In the eyes of the world, I am aware that it was sin for her to love another man than the husband whose child she held in her arms. But, by no effort of her own had this love sprung up. It came before she dreamed of it. The first time she thought of it, she found it in her heart that had suddenly grown full of gladness and a new, strange happiness that it had puzzled her to account for. When she woke to the consciousness of this new, sweet love, she knew why life seemed so different to her from what it ever had before.

If Hugh Vernon had not reciprocated this love it might have been so well concealed by her that no one but herself would have dreamed of its existence. But, he did return it, and before she knew it, almost, her face had confessed to him how much she cared for him, and one day he caught her to his breast, and held her there, dropping passionate kisses on her face, in the wild, unutterable rapture of a first, strong love.

After that you can imagine, perhaps,

moment of her triumph God gave her a strength to do what was right.

She went down to the parlor. Hugh Vernon was there.

"I have made my decision," she said.

"I can not leave my husband."

"I thought you loved me, Leslie," he said, growing pale.

"God help me! I do!" she cried. "Oh,

I wish I did not! This life would be much more endurable, if I were not always to be tormented with the glimpse of what my life can never have. "Don't," for he was about to speak. "It is my duty to stay here. I can not bring my child to disgrace. You must see that you could not trust me as a pure, true woman, if I were to give way to this temptation."

"I think you are right," he said, after a little silence. "It is better that I should go away, and let you forget me."

"Forget him! As if she ever could do that!"

"I do not ask you to go away," she said. "I am not so much afraid of myself that I dare not trust myself to see you. I have made my decision, and I am not a coward—so afraid of my own heart."

"You are a brave, noble woman," he said, with a tenderness in his voice, that brought swift tears into her eyes. "But I shall not stay here to torture you. I shall go away. It will be better for both of us for me to do so. You have saved yourself and me from a fearful sin. God will reward you in some way."

"Perhaps the consciousness of doing right will be a reward in itself," she answered.

He stooped and kissed her. That kiss was like a renunciation of a thousand sweet and tender hopes.

"God bless you, Leslie," he said, and the strong man's voice was low and broken.

"You are a true, brave woman. I hope you will be happy. You deserve to be if ever woman did."

"And I hope you will find some one who can return you an honorable love," she said, but the words cost her a pang.

"No," he answered, "I shall not forget you; I could not."

And then he took her hands in his one moment, kissed her face as we kiss the faces of those whom we shut away beneath the coffin-lid, and was gone.

Five years after that, Hugh Vernon was in a western city. He was seated in the parlor of a hotel, when a woman came in, leading a child of seven or eight.

He started, growing pale, at sight of the woman's face. The old love in his heart leaped up in sudden warmth and radiance.

She looked toward him. A glad light came into her eyes. She came toward him with an outstretched hand.

"I am glad to see you," she said, in a hesitating, half-shy way. "The sight of an old friend's face is very pleasant in a land of strangers."

"Your husband is with you?" he said, as he held her hand in his.

"My husband died three years ago," she answered.

"Oh, Leslie," he cried, his voice full of unspeakable tenderness and long-repressed yearning, "it is not wrong for me to tell you now what it was a sin for me to tell you when we said good-by. I love you."

For answer she put out both her hands to ward him, like a weary child that seeks for rest. He caught her to his breast.

"Mine, now!" he cried; "and there is nothing to come between us and peace!"

And in the supreme happiness of that moment, Leslie Trevor had her reward for being true, if he had not come to her before. Last night I heard Leslie sing:

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyal,
To falter would be sin."

I know some memory of the past came to her by the look which came into her face. And I think it came to Hugh, for he bent down and kissed her as trustingly as he never could have done if she had yielded to the temptation which his love thrust before her years before.

I read somewhere, not long ago, that it pays to do right."

THE poor author must "keep the wolf from the door," and he has only his goose-quill as a weapon to confront him with.

Will-o'-the-Wisp.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.



THE TWO FAIRIES.

Will-o'-the-Wisp.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

FRANK OVERTON was a genius. But he was one of those versatile class, who with a variety of talents can not apply one to a practical purpose.

He painted bits of cool landscapes that were very tolerable, though his shadows were always a shade too distinct, his sunshine too vivid, his skies too deep blue and the fleecy clouds which should melt impalpably away were apt to possess sharp edges. Some close study and earnest work might have remedied these defects, but Frank was satisfied with the need of praise injudicious friends lavished upon him, and laid it all to "his luck" that his pictures never brought more than the merest pittance. He wrote some sketchy articles which never gained entrance to the magazines as he fondly hoped they might, but one was accepted now, and then by a weekly story-paper, while a V or an X found its way into his lame pocket-book on such occasions. He had musical talent, and enough skill in execution to charm a drawing-room, though his accuracy and style might not have borne strict analysis. He talked well, was full of brilliant projects, and made a better appearance than his unstable disposition would seem to warrant; consequently he was a favorite, and his numerous accomplishments opened a way for him into the higher circles which would otherwise have been closed against him.

Eva Standish had the fullest faith in his wonderful abilities. He had conveyed a measure of his enthusiasm to her mind, and for a time no power could have shaken her belief in his ultimate success.

"My bad luck does not even discourage me," he was used to saying. "Did any one ever hear of a talented celebrity who did not fight his way up step by step? I never did, at least. I am hopeful regarding that mountain scenery I am at work upon, but if it does fail I shall try a simple bit of beach and the sea rolling in. It's rather difficult to catch the precise glint of the waves, but I'll do it yet. I came down to the shore this time for the purpose of studying character, and shall weave the results of my observations into the plot of my novel which I depend upon to give me a start in the field of literary success.

"And I hope you will find some one who can return you an honorable love," she said, but the words cost her a pang.

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a dainty cottage overrun by honeysuckle and clematis, with a fountain playing in the front, and a vista of cool grounds, relieved by marble statuettes, stretching in the distance. All the picture needs to complete it is a sweet mistress for the lovely domain, and my happy self resting under the shade of our own vine and fig tree."

"And a little reality at the back of it," added Roy Marquis.

"Will you see my painted ideal, Miss Standish?" continued Frank, ignoring Roy's remark. "Mrs. Hill has honored me by hanging it with her collection. I would really like to have your opinion of it."

They sauntered slowly through the open rooms, and Roy followed, jealously intent upon keeping near Eva's side. They found the piece in its broad frame of gilt, hung in a favorable light.

"Oh, how sweet!" cried Miss Standish.

"But decidedly impracticable," put in Roy. "Those slender columns would never support that heavy arch; you would have your cottage tumbling about your ears, Overt-

"I only need to employ a finished architect like yourself to regulate such trifles, my dear fellow," returned Frank, in perfect good humor.

"I give you; but I'd have to require security before I accepted the undertaking. We working people are mercenary, you know, and even such a remarkable habitation requires something more than air as a basis. All that lattice-work is very pretty, but of little account in winter time unless you conclude to 'pitch your tent' in the Georgian land. Then those sculptured figures are hardly in accordance with the rural simplicity you have otherwise aimed at; as a picture I dare say it is very fine, but I assure you it's a complete failure from any practical point of view."

"Rather hard of you, Marquis, but I can afford to be magnanimous," drawled Frank, in the indifferent way he could assume so perfectly.

"It's too bad," declared Eva, pouting. "You've got no poetry in your soul to subject any thing so exquisite to such common-place criticism."

"I wish you would let me tell you the hope which lies nearest my soul—which occupies my heart," said Roy, in hurried undertone. Frank had lost himself in the study of a cracked, time-stained canvas which was claimed to be a true Murillo. "I'd offer you something more steadfast than vaunting words. Oh, Eva—"

"Mrs. Hill!" cried Miss Standish, catching a glimpse of their hostess, and proving herself openly discourteous in the panic which the imminent danger of an avowal caused her. "Did I dream, or was it really the sound of a wail I heard an hour ago?"

"It was reality surely, and we've gained a charming addition to our party. Julia Fairfax—every one goes wild about her, you know. Look out, Eva, or you'll lose your position as queen of the realm."

"You may always count upon one devoted subject," murmured Overtown, with a meaning pressure of her little hand which sent hot flushes charging into her cheeks.

Yet that same evening he sat at the piano accompanying himself to impassioned love-songs, letting his eyes wander to rest upon Julie Fairfax who sat apparently absorbed in the thrilling sweet strains. Very low, tender, pleading eyes he had, and Julie opened a flirtation straightway by glancing shyly up from time to time, and by uttering graceful plaudits when he left the instrument presently to seek her side.

That was the beginning, and the intimacy between the two ripened fast. Eva was blind for a season to her hero's unmistakable love-making, though disturbed by the evidences of gallantry which she fancied others might misconstrue. For herself she never doubted that all the rhapsodical speeches he had uttered to her for the space of a fortnight had been spoken in the seriousness of a heart understanding its promptings and its needs.

Mrs. Hill broke upon her serene tranquillity one summer twilight:

"Isn't it shameful," ejaculated she, indignantly. "Here is Julie Fairfax flirting desperately with Overtown, and she engaged to be married to Fitzhugh in September. I wouldn't mind, only I had set my heart on a match between you and Frank; you're just the kind of a wife he needs, Eva. You would inspire him to perform the great works of which he is capable, and if it were possible for him to win Julie she couldn't be constant enough to urge him on to any one point."

"Mrs. Hill," taking my name in vain?" cried Julie, entering at the moment. "Now, if you're finding fault about any thing, I'll go away. I won't be scolded even by you."

"You merit it at any rate for your treatment of my protege, Frank. What do you suppose Fitzhugh would say?"

"Oh, he understands these things. I daresay he is being pathetic to that stately Miss Vane who is engrossing every one at the Branch."

"Do you mean that you have been willfully trying to mislead Frank?" asked Eva, with an angry glow coming into her face. "It's fortunate I have discovered it in time to enlighten him, and I'm glad to assure you he will not be a sufferer thereby."

"Meaning that he is devoted to you, my dear Miss Standish," purred Julie. "I'm so glad; I really was afraid that he meant just what he said when he came near making a scene this very morning because I was sailing with that dear prosaic Roy last night. There's a man that's worth a dozen—I'd put Fitz for him this way if he were not so dreadfully poor. I really couldn't persuade him to utter a single compliment, so I know that he's one of the sort that 'loving once, loves forever.' You see, even such a trifling little mortal as I am can have a solemn mission to perform; mine is to try men's hearts, and I'll not neglect the task while I'm free to pursue it."

"Mischief-maker!" cried Mrs. Hill. "Eva, with an indignant protest trembling upon her lips, held up her hand and bent her head forward to listen.

Two masculine forms were just distinguishable through the gloom, but the night was still and their words floated distinctly through the open window.

"It's my misfortune to be singularly impulsive, but I never imagined you'd imitate such folly to me, Deane. I don't particularly admire the Madonna-like style, Rose leaves and lily bloom, sunshine and vivacity are